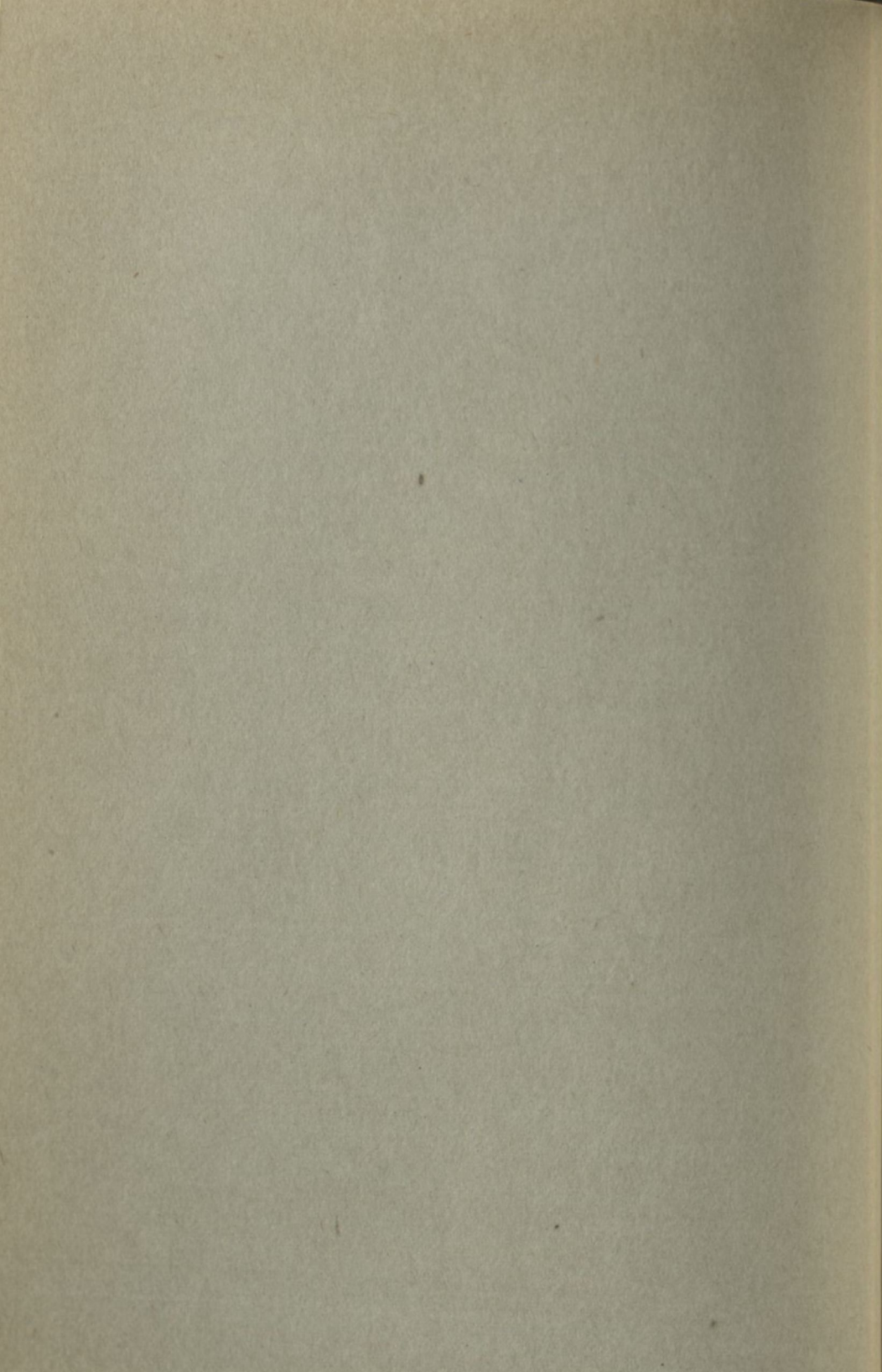

THE WESLEYAN

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THE WESLEYAN

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THE WESLEYAN STAFF

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THE GRASS MUST BEND

By JEAN WALKER

ON THE BASE of a sprawling, moss-covered bolder, Age sat and looked at the gradually leveling plain. It was late and the blue smoke—the beautiful blue smoke that had always made his heart contract with pain for something unknown, a memory, unexperienced—the haze was beginning to bring the near nearer, shutting out the distance. From time to time he raised his eyes to follow the figure of a young man who was apparently impelled toward the plateau by the direction of gravity rather

than his senses. The moss on the boulder felt almost cold beneath his hand when he heard the youth pause and walk on. Without raising his bent shoulders he spoke to Youth, and the shuffling of the drying leaves stopped.

"In this hour before dark, the way," and he motioned toward the peaceful plain he watched, "appears quite level. The smoke fills-up the holes. Sit here awhile. A moment of rest and reflection will not delay you long. Tell me why you are here. You see, I have amused myself with conjectures as I watched you descend the overgrown path. Grant an old man the indulgence of his whim."

"You seem so wise and sure, I wonder at your being here. My long search for Truth has brought me to this spot. Before turning to this isolation I searched for Truth amid the ugliness of beauty and suffering in the town. There I

looked at the tangled mass, thinking surely it must hold what I sought. Viewing it from afar I could not find the meaning. On the mountain I hunted for Truth, and now I am here.

"Perhaps you have passed Truth because your seeking has been impatient. Often the young see too far to know how near they are to seeing farther."

"If I am blind to Truth, I am so from watching too long across an empty world. I have sought Truth in man and Truth has eluded me. I



have asked man to describe Truth and he could not. Those who undertook to show me their vision picture Truth always mantled in a cloak woven by Convention and Pride and Rash Inspiration. I wished to know Him and searched books and laws and political philosophy; but what are books other than man's effort to represent Truth as He appears in His infinite variety of disguises; and what are laws and political philosophies but the arming of ideas? I studied Nature, hoping to overtake Truth at last, but Nature addressed me as Man. Truth will speak to me as I who am a part of Man. I rested in faith and found a promise of Truth. But I answered Faith, 'I am young; I may yet find Him.' Then I realized where I had not looked and I gazed within myself."

"And did you find Truth?"

"No, not yet."

Age smiled, almost as if Youth had confirmed his supposition. He seemed to have forgotten his companion.

"*The grass must bend when the wind blows through it,*" he said.

Youth arose and, bewildered, looked back once at Age before he resumed his course.

TRISTEMENT

*Here where the stars are closer than your eyes
 And all the world is spun with misty moon threads
 Where sleepy crickets echo your soft love words
 In a language fraught with saddest mystery
 I touch your face and whisper,
 "Tonight there is only you and I, my darling—
 Only us, and the stars are pearls around your neck
 And the moon your silken, silver robe.
 Tonight you are a king, and I your queen,
 All yours, and then I know.
 The moment is not ours and ne'er will be,
 And you are never you
 But a ghost of other loves
 And a memory of other moments
 Just like this.
 Your face is but a reflection
 Of myriad other faces
 Crowding up before my searching, winter heart.
 And this, the moon spun silver hour
 Is just another love lit hour
 Before farewell.*

—BETSY HOPKINS

A Literary Concept

By S. MITCHELL MORSE

Editor's Note: We reprint here part of an article by J. Mitchell Morse, published in the March, 1948, issue of the Converse College Concept. We reprint it because Mr. Morse states so clearly the ideals for which we are striving in every issue of the WESLEYAN. It is seldom that we reach our goal, seldom that we even approach it, but it is no easy goal. Truth is the most difficult achievement and the attainment of simplicity is the height of art.

WHEN A nineteenth-century romanticist wanted to convey the idea that he felt rather sad, he would say he was overwhelmed with grief. That sort of overemphasis was effective for a long time, but by the beginning of the twentieth century it was beginning to lose its spring. Readers smiled, if they did not yawn at such excess; writers no longer tore their hair or beat their breasts, except for purposes of burlesque; and by the end of the first World War, the reaction had gone so far that when Ernest Hemingway wanted to convey the idea that he was overwhelmed with grief, he merely described his overt actions: "I walked back to the hotel in the rain." In its context, that was an excruciatingly poignant sentence. But now we are coming to realize that understatement is itself a form of exaggeration, and that it has been abused by inexperienced practitioners. The old master, Hemingway, can still get away with it because it is his personal style, as peculiarly his own as his style of walking or tone of voice; but the imitators are wisely casting around for someone else to imitate.

For there is a growing realization among readers and writers alike that indiscriminate understatement is as false artistically as indiscriminate overstatement; and that in many cases a simple statement has more emotional impact than either. The Greek Anthology, a collection of inscriptions and miscellaneous short verses, contains two epitaphs that illustrate the point. One is by Plato, on a member of his circle:

"Formerly thou didst shine as the morning star among the living;
Now thou shinest as the evening star among the dead."

That is a neatly balanced epigram, couched in elegant Greek hexameters—a fine piece of artistry with great intellectual charm; but it indicates not so much that Plato was stricken with grief at the death of his friend as that he fancied himself a poet. And so he was—in the sense that Sir Edmund Waller was a poet. "Go, lovely rose," is a little piece of perfection we can hold in our hand or carry in our pocket, a little treasure no adversity can take from us; but it does not stir the heart, nor, for all the

extravagance of the metaphor, does Plato's couplet.

Consider now another Greek epitaph, by an unknown author:

"Here his father buried the twelve-year-old child, Nicoteles, his high hope."

That simple statement of fact does not stir the heart. By comparison, it makes Plato's excessive praise seem almost cheap. . . The most effective things . . . are those in which the facts are stated simply and directly, with clarity and precision . . . a lack of skill can be remedied, whereas the source of false standards lie so deep that they are often beyond remedy.

SAGANA

*Your golden-red Spring-laughter
Warned me when we met.
Our wondrous purple-violet words
Begged me to forget.
The violet depth, the golden glint,
Had soon enchanted me.
I lost my eyes in seeing you
As you never could be.*

*The violet faded into blue
As Summer dressed for Fall.
When green became a part of you,
I noticed not at all.*

*But as the blue turned yellow-green,
The color was so bright,
I felt your difference in my heart:
It shocked me into sight.*

*You weren't the laughing Spring-gold warmth
My heart made me remember;
The shifting season color chart
Left you as cold December.*

*I cannot love you anymore
For what you used to be,
And hopeless, tearful dreams of you
Are all you've left for me.*

—BETTY JEAN MAYHER

GRIEF

By LIZ DYKES

I WILL TELL you about grief quickly, because now silence and thought lean out of your eyes, and you will hear me. Tomorrow you will run into the room and hurl your books onto the bed and tumble down after them, laughing, and sunshine will stop my tongue. I will laugh with



you, and together we will rush into the magnificent fun of live-wire chatter. We will talk about how damn' much German "that woman" gave you for homework; how much we admire Zuloaga's paintings. We will patter like two abnormal psychology indices, trying to "figure people out". We will talk about getting married or going to Scotland. But those things are tomorrow's purpose; tonight I tell of grief.

* * *

GRIEF IS NOT POLITE. It never walks up and taps you gently on the shoulder to say, "*I am here.*" Grief appears all around you instantly and, because it is not expected, you never know quite what to do with it. Neither is grief noble in its passion, merely sickening, confusing. It forces upon you the plainness of the small things around you. It annoys you with pettiness you have no time for, because you are occupied with—something else. Grief is impolite, ignoble, petty, and very unpleasant.

I must let you see grief. Come. You are standing in the middle of your room, pressing a piece of lace. The lace is a fluffy tangle of lilies-of-the-valley, crushable to your touch. Your mind will reach for its silly pattern again and again in the coming hours. You will ensnarl yourself in the remembered intricacy of the lace pattern.

Two neighbor women enter the room, slovenly and dowdy, reeking with the odors of a sick-room. They stand close to you and look at you curiously, and then one of them says, "*We've just come to tell you that she's—gone.*" ("Dead" is a heartless word.) You pull your breath in very carefully and utter a sentence, because you feel at once that it is expected of you. The words you cannot recall afterwards, although the lace pattern crawls through your brain a hundred times, and you will never forget the ghoulis, middle-aged faces of the women that looked at you curiously.

Your fingers are numb and clumsy as you resume your task with the lace desperately. Someone brings you an iced Coca-Cola, and, realizing that it is potent with sedative, you pour it into the sink and open another

bottle when you are alone. You hurry, for you find being alone suddenly near impossible. People crowd around you, groping and exploring you with their eyes. You avoid the eyes just now.

The women are back again. They nudge you with their great, dumb kindness. They want you to lie down, not knowing what happened to the sedative, or they want to see your relatives. You know your relatives' faces are sticky and red-eyed, and you crave escape from the engulfing pressure that has slung into your home.

You go out. You drive to another town—fast and recklessly. In a cold stupor you swerve the car over the flying pavement, knowing that you will not kill yourself for the simple reason that it would not matter if you did. You find a drug store and sit there, drinking bitter coffee. The people come in and go out, and if they notice you at all they probably think you are drinking the coffee merely because you like it. And you think that's funny. You laugh and laugh and laugh, ugly, thin laughter inside yourself. Then you drive home.

* * *

That is the countenance of grief. I have told you now; tomorrow we will run into the room and fling our books aside, laughing.

"LONELINESS"

*Loneliness is a cell behind
The dusty bars of a heart's crime
Through which slant each day more slimly
Fading rays of loving grace.
And through each sunlit aperture
Troops a clan of prism dreams—
Laughter and sympathy,
Friendship and kindness,
And love—
Realities but for an impregnable wall
About the thickness of a human skull
And multiplied a million-fold.
Loneliness is infinite—and suffocating;
Dark—and ablaze with the glare of "human" eyes;
Chill—and burning in a hell of self-created hate;
And quite alone.*

—LIZ DYKES

Dear Lulu Honey . . .

I sho did luv gettin ya let 'er. That gull what writ it fo ya could print purty. I didn't have no trouble figgerin it.

That's sho souper about old Nellie havin 11 little piglets. Bet Maw is right proud.

But now I wanta tell ya all about wants comin off here. Fus of all, I'm getting real fameus. The Fleet-foot Ass. is havin a marrythrong. That's where everybody swims till they is plumb tuckered out. Well, these here silly gulls think swimmin a mile is sumpin. They think I'm wunnaful jest cause I kin swim ten. (I ain't told em how we got to swim tha riva twice a day goin to school and back up thar.)

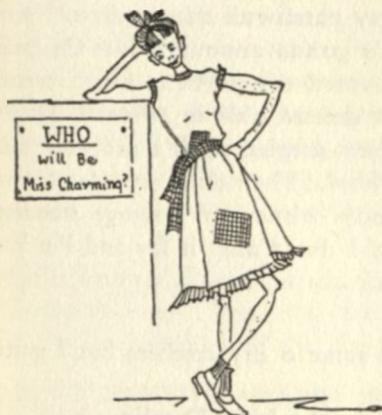
I'm takin basketball in jim now. It's really dull. I do best tho (they call it being star) cause I kin run faster than these gulls whut are used to automobiles. Lor' Honey, it's nice

bein so fameus. Mis Tom whistles and hollers at me tho evertime I knock another gull down. Don't ritely know why she thinks it's sumpin to git all het-up ova—it's all in tha game.

Oh! and dawlin, lemme tell ya sumpin else. They's havin a stunt night down 'ere. That's where each class tries to out wit t'other. I's tha star in that too. I'm a nachul born actor. They gimme a swell part all bout a lady from Scratchankle, Tenn. and I does it up proud. I luv it cause I gits to go barefooted.

Oh! Lulu, down 'ere we got a singin club and they're goin on a trip to Florida. Boy, when I heerd that I wint arunnin to jine, but tha deerecta, Mistah Gorin, sed I couldn't—sumpin bout my dicshun being por. That nearely broke my heart, but it wuz much wurse when I seen whut they wuz goin in! It's a *gorgeeus* bust, purtiest thing I ever seen in these parts. I jest know it would be twice as comfobul as tha mule cart. It's got a top and sides and rubber wheels. But tha bestest part is tha way thay done painted it up. Honey, it's pink and purple with luvly pink wheels. On tha back is a sign whut sez Hicks. That really makes me feel lak it wuz mine cause they call me Hick down 'ere. I jes lak to sit and look at tha thing and dream of it out in back of tha house by tha cowshed.

In tha room whar I goes to git fussed at they's a wall civered with purty pitchers. They is all of boys but they don't look good to me. They



is city slickers with ties and coats—ain't an overalled gent among em. I think they is all charity cases and we is spose to give money to tha one we lak best. I know tha one who I'd like to git Mr. Wesley-Andy (That's whut they call tha guy whut collects tha most money.) and he's tha one whut should to. He's a new man aroun school. We would git along swell cause he's aroun 6 foot 8 and it ain't oftin a gull can find a man to suit her. Tha one whut wins will be allowed at tha dance we's springin. I don't think I'll go cause I hear there ain't no square dancin and besides—tha gulls don't lak my purty patchwuk dancin dress. I may have to go tho cause at this dance they's gonna announce Mis Charmin (that's whut they call tha gull whut's voted the purtiest, nicest, cutest, sweetest, most friendly, tactful, and best dressed gull in school.) They's keepin a secret who won but I got a deep suspisshun it's probably me.

I'm gonna tell ya a little mo bout school. They done passed a funny new law round hear whut says anybody whut's an average stoodent (Don't you go worryin bout me, honey, I don't miss it far and I'm improvin everyday) don't have to go to classes no mo. It's purty allright for them whut's bright.

I wuz gonna tell you some mo bout some o my teachers but I gotta cut off my lights now.

Goodnight Lulu Dawlin,

Remember ya frand,
Hortense C. Knight

P. S.—Tell my fella Billy Bloomertale I still luv him even tho he ain't a college man.

PART THE CURTAINS

*Part the curtains of the night;
Draw the drapery of dreams
Softly from the door of slumber;
Step between their velvet seams.*

*Come into these lovely portals;
Meet the darkness' sweet embrace.
Somnolence conceals thy sorrows—
Press the night against thy face.*

*Quiescent visions close thy slumbers—
Bathe in cool oblivion's breath;
Rest beneath Lethean reveries;
Repose in sleep as sweet as death.*

—LIZ DYKES

THE ANSWER

By JUDY CARREKER

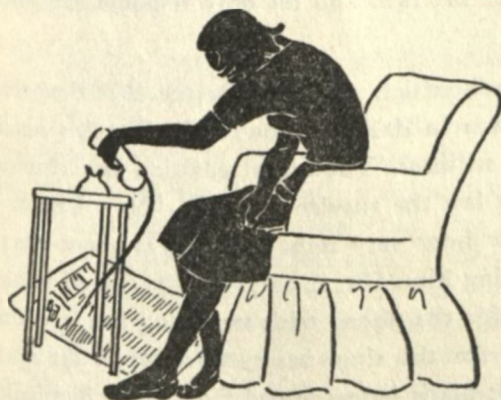
AT THE SIGHT of banana cream pie, Connie, already experiencing a queer, skipping sensation in her stomach, excused herself from dessert and climbed the stairs to her room. "Perhaps it's only the heat," she mused hopefully, dragging the gay chintz lounge close to the window and inhaling deeply the rose-scented evening breeze.

Funny, she could see Chuck Emmett today after three, or was it four, months? Suddenly she again found herself pinned in the back of the crowded elevator, unconscious of the rude elbow piercing her ribs, mindful only of the curly, brown head projecting above all the rest in the front of the elevator. She had gasped suddenly, realizing it was Chuck and had gazed entranced, half-fearing, half-hoping he would turn, while her blood mounted upward with the elevator. Two, three, four—he had gotten off at five, never looking back, and she had stifled the mad impulse to follow, riding on up to eight and back down to one without the least idea where she intended to go. These felt like elevator sensations in her stomach now, but they had never lasted this long before.

Connie opened her eyes and stared into the dusky rose garden, seeing Chuck's lanky figure sprawled in the swing as it had been so many summer evenings in the past. It had been dull, terribly dull, just sitting there gazing at the stars, conscious that his earnest blue eyes were seeking to grip her attention. She had listened casually as he talked of his childhood escapades, of his architectural work, and of the white-brick home with the sloping terraces and magnificent gardens he would build someday. But when she learned this dream was intended for her, why hadn't she told him the truth instead of sustaining his hopes? Connie smiled now, remembering the way she had gritted her teeth to keep from giggling the

night Chuck announced with such sincerity that someday she would realize she loved him.

The truth was it had been fun having someone worship her that way. She would never forget the afternoon last fall when that dreadful downpour caught her down town wearing her new feather hat. A phone call had quickly remedied the situation, but not until



days later did she learn that he had left a conference with an important client to drive her home that afternoon. And what was it she had forgotten the night he turned around and drove thirty miles back to the beach? Oh, yes, that was the week end of the Williams' house party, and on the way home she had remembered that the silly, little stuffed dog Bob Dorsey had given her was still lying on the dresser.

Bob Dorsey! A twinge of anguish colored her cheeks as she remembered their first meeting. She had been sipping a cocktail at the Quin's one evening and chatting gaily with Chuck and Tom Harris when Myra Quin steered him towards them for an introduction. "Connie, I'd like you to meet Bob Dorsey, a business associate of Bill's who's down from New York for the season." Their eyes had met and held, each fascinated. How different from Chuck this stranger had been, nonchalant, yet familiar, handsome and sophisticated. Soon they had been climbing into his convertible, her dinner-date with Chuck forgotten.

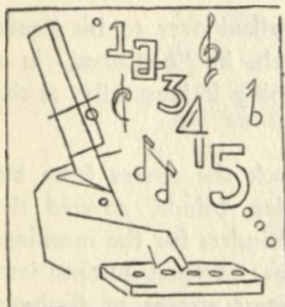
For a time there had been constant comparisons with Bob. "Chuck, why don't you part your hair a little farther to the side?" or "Chuck, darling, why don't you trade in that old coupe for a convertible?" And then that night at the Davis' dinner party—Connie blinked back a tear, hearing the echoes of her sharp words singing loudly again in her ears. Bob, a trifle flushed from too many whisky and sodas had been monopolizing the conversation with a detailed description of his latest "big deal", and suddenly she had heard herself commenting across the table, "Chuck, I just can't understand why you spend your life plugging away in that old architect's office when other people are out making money." A slow smile had curved the corners of his lips, and his only response had been, "I'm satisfied, Connie."

Connie reached for her handkerchief, realizing for the first time that she was sobbing. The room was in darkness now, only Connie's small, shaking figure disturbing the stillness. The queer sensation had changed to a miserable heartache, but at last the answer was clear. "Now I know," she murmured softly. "I know how very right Chuck was about everything, especially about my loving him. Oh, if only—" She clicked on the lamp at her side and reaching for the phone with trembling hands, dialed the familiar number. Waiting for the ring, her eyes fell upon the open newspaper at her feet. Gigantic black letters leaped from the white background — "MISS ELLIOT TO MARRY CHARLES EMMETT TONIGHT."

Button, Button, Who's Got the Button ?

By ANDEE SCHWALBE

MR. RICHEY RELAXED his twitching muscles in a dynamic and luxurious stretch. With half closed eyes he prodded at the small oblong box at the right of his bed. His fingers slid uncertainly along its spaced projections as he counted in mumbling accents, "One, two, three . . ." Apparently satisfied with his decision of number four, he pressed the button. Immediately the half darkened bed room was illuminated by the glow of a moving picture projection on the screen which was braced out from the wall directly over his bed. He muttered a furious string of unintelligible oaths as the martial music accompanying the picture blared out, breaking the stillness of the room into a million shattered pieces. Gnashing his teeth, he punched wildly at the box and all was still again. He sighed deeply, then dragging himself to a sitting position began to count again, "One, two, . . . oh, five!" Hopefully he pressed number five and smiled thankfully as a low whirring sound announced the appearance of his breakfast tray on the other side of the bed. His disgruntled features softened and relaxed into a smile as he rubbed his hands in happy anticipation. "Umm," he thought, "I'm glad this modern age hasn't produced a gadget to do away with eating."



HE SMOKED his morning cigarette through the long, limp tube that issued from a center hole in his bed-side table as he waited for his bath water to be drawn in the next room. To amuse himself, he uncovered, watered, and fed his pet canary who was now briskly chirping in his cage on the other side of the room . . . all via the little buttons at his side, of course.

Hearing the musical chimes which proclaimed his bath to be ready, he roused himself and went in to perform his duty to cleanliness. Returning, he busily punched buttons until he was almost dressed, when his own low, melodious voice proclaimed to him by recording: "Today you must finish the deal with Radford; wire Sparton's directions; and call Miss Amberton to confirm your date at nine . . . and don't order lobster at The Cream Puff Inn again. Nine-thirty is the time; press button 1949b." He made mental note of the vocalized directions, punched a button and stepped through the French window and out on the sun-deck just as the autogyro surfaced from the interior below. He hopped in, got out his printed direction sheet, scrutinized it for some minutes, made jabbing motions at the control board and flew merrily away.

THE ROOM LAY still and deserted until some hours after when its solitude was invaded by the bent form of the janitor of the apartment building. "Oh dat man," breathed the darky in the soft liquid sweetness of his southern accent. "He neber remembers ta do dese here buttons. Let's see now, what's he want? He say poke 33 and 71 on this box 'n' 14 and 127 ober dere 'n' 2-0-4 and 136 . . . and I'm gettin' out of here 'fore dese here things start workin'." The insolent voices of the various devices beginning their housewifely duties stopped his further contemplation and he makes his escape.

Many, many hours later a beam of light cut through the darkness as Mr. Rickey came zooming home. He set his autogyro down, taxied into position and climbed out, whistling gay little snatches of the tune the orchestra at the night club had been playing.

INSIDE, HE FLIPPED on the lights and walked over to his liquor cabinet. After pressing the button marked Scotch, he "buttoned" in a little soda and received his high-ball. He sat, sipping it languidly, as the warm rays of his sun lamp caressed his features.

A few moments of hasty buttoning drew back the covers from his bed, put the autogyro away, shut the Venetian blinds, covered the canary's cage, polished his shoes, and prepared reminders for the morning. He undressed, then re-dressed . . . pajamas this time; yawned, jumped into bed, pressed a button, and fell asleep to the sweet strains of Brahms' "Lullaby".

SPRING

Earth yawned—

(the buds began to grow)

She stretched,

(pushing the green blades into sight)

Sighed,

(the soft winds whispered)

Pushed the covers back,

(clouds parted—the warm sun shone)

And shook her pillow.

(wisps floated through the blue canopy, leaving traces drifting loose)

The giant has awakened—

The hibernation is over—

Spring has come.

By BETTY FAYE HOLT

A Marijuana Dream

(To Stan Kenton's "Concerto")

Muted tones in reverie

Rhapsody of misery

Memory-flaunting ecstasy.

Softened colors intermingling

Winding mystic images,

Whirling fancies reappearing,

Vanish in a hazy mist.

Constant sadness meaning nothing;

Winding channels leading nowhere;

Tortured visions . . . voices screaming,

Naked fear and tightening tension,

Nerveless shock, fear driven being,

Grasping mind and reason fleeing,

Helpless searching . . . never reaching,

Selfless beings dying slowly.

Silenced drumbeats pounding whispers,

Distant hope emerging softly . . .

Empty reason starting, trembling,

Pulsating with muffled drums.

Heart throbs quicken, as the living

Soul returns to claim its place.

Armless reaches urge its entrance

Back to its accustomed void.

Then the rhythm starts reviewing

Old forgotten memories.

Feared evasions tremble

Into a chaos of nothingness.

Tortures of the damned

Press ever downward

Into the Soul's sanctuary

Of forgetfulness.

Fleeing footsteps stumbling, falling,

Searching through eternity.

Hopeful eyes raised ever upward,

Seeing nothing—feeling less than real.

Then a vision strikes the well prepared soul:

Blindly clear becomes the meaning:

Life is but a sordid dream.

—BETTY JEAN MAYHER

Goodnight, Sweetheart

By MARIAN MORRIS

THE STAGE was set to perfection. Dancing couples whirled and dipped under the colored lights. Sequins sparkled, jewels glittered, girls flirted with the stag line over their partner's shoulders. The whole world seemed enveloped in a mist of music.

Along the side of the dance floor sat the ever present chaperones. Almost all of the faculty of the college and their wives and husbands were at the dance because this was the biggest formal of the school year.

Included in these ranks was Louise Marlowe, the charming wife of Professor Marlowe. The gleam in her eye and the occasional tap of her foot were enough to show that what she really wanted was to be a part of that happy throng again, to be young and able to dance and dance and dance. As her eye wandered over the scene, memories came flooding back across a score of years.

It seemed only yesterday that she had been in college. It was the night of the mid-winter formal, and while she got ready she thought of Philip. He was coming to the dance from a distance of two hundred miles. This would be the first time she had seen him in three whole months. Philip was so wonderful. She was so much in love with him that every other man paled by comparison. Every small detail of the night was still clear—hearing the telephone ring to announce that Philip was waiting, floating down the stairs to see him again, being so happy that it was almost unbearable.

As he took her hand to lead her out to the dance floor, everything in the big ballroom seemed to blur except Philip. She had arranged it so that all their dances would be together, for he was the only one she wanted to dance with. The way things were progressing, he seemed to feel the same way. They didn't talk very much while they danced. Once Philip whispered, "I love you," in her ear and she thought of how beautiful those words had sounded. There was on one else in the world but Philip. He was the only one whom she could ever truly be in love with. Between dances they talked with other couples. Louise found that she had the almost irrepressible desire to introduce Philip as her fiance, but things had not progressed quite that far.

And then it was almost over. The strains of "Goodnight, Sweetheart" mingled with the hum of voices until, suddenly, there were no voices—only the song filling the room. The biggest moment to date in Louise's

life was almost over, but the memory that she could share with Philip would live forever.

All at once she came back to reality. The orchestra was playing "Good-night, Sweetheart" just as it had so many years ago. Her husband was walking toward her.

"Are you ready to go, my dear?"

"Just a moment, John. I want to hear the end of this song."

When A Red Moon Rolls

*When a red moon rolls and a tide song tolls
And the stars dip, teasing the sea,
And the swift pink foam and the slow waves roam,
Then the sea whispers things to me.*

*Then the rush of shells in the drifting swells
And the sea grass, kissing the shore,
And the wet rocks moan a melodious drone
On the deep-slung low ocean floor.*

*Then a tale they tell, and they sing the knell
Of the men who've wandered the sea
And the souls they sold in the years of old,
In their turbulent sea rhapsody.*

*For the graves are deep where the dead men sleep
Far below the billowing stream
In the watery caves underneath the waves.
In a timeless, bottomless dream.*

*But their souls still sail when the dark storms flail,
And their hearts strike out on the main,
When the wind is black and the cold sails crack
And the tall masts rock and strain.*

*Then bizarre sea-scapes of strange sea shapes
Poseidon paints—weird pageantry!
They are shimm'ring scenes in blues and greens
Of the love of men for the sea.*

*And the red moon rolls and a tide song tolls,
And the stars dip, teasing the sea,
And the swift pink foam and the slow waves roam,
As the sea things murmur to me.*

—LIZ DYKES

Poems

By BETSY HOPKINS

I

*There is that in you,
A strange elusive power
That haunts the mighty power of the singing sunset
And lingers in the heart of twirling secret mists.
There is that in you that lies in the music
Of the fairy cricket's chorus
And hovers in the cool mystery of night's breath.
There is that in you,
The wonder found in all wonders,
The beauty in all beauties,
The nameless secret all can feel
But none can know.
And so, is it strange, my dear, that with
A new and frightening passion
I love the world
Not because it is the world,
But because I find the secret of your heart,
Deep in its myriad beauty.*

II

*Life is a room
With four black walls
That move always inward
And press on the heart.
The prison comes to us,
We cannot escape,
Death holds the only key,
But even the grave
Is four dark walls.*

III

*You have given me many things.
Rapture that lights the heart like red gold sun.
Pain, sharp and sweet as the song of a bird,
And beauty more lovely
Than the world when the sun goes down.
You have given me many things,
Peace, grey and soft as the twilight mist
And passions more tumultuous than the ocean's surge,
And a wisdom more profound
Than that of cricket philosophers under the night.
You have given me many things.
Love and hate
And the knowledge
That all things must die.*



IV

It's strange how innocent we were.

*Shouting to the sea and running with the wind,
Lost in the glory of a moon world,*

*We did not guess
That the heart must pay for beauty,
And that our love would some day be
A cruel memory of pain that sickens.*

V

Life is a woman waltzing

In a long black dress.

Twirling and swirling, she dances with the wind.

*Life is a woman waltzing,
But her face is a skull.*

VI

If you were wise, you would not leave me.

For I have a heart like the wind

That blows with fury and fire

Then moves quietly away,

*To blow somewhere in another clime on another
landscape.*

*Like the wind my heart cannot remember
It cannot sit in peace and solitude and reminisce
But must move on and on, eternally.*

VII

With such a magic tread you danced into my heart

Dispelling the grey lethargy of fog.

Laughing at the ribboned mist of melancholy

Into my heart you came,

And oh, the wonder of it!

*You decked my heart with flowers
And warm smelling winds*

And songs of birds and crickets

And all the poignant remote whisperings

That smell and taste of spring,

And oh, the wonder of it!

*How you came with head tossed back
And eyes that laughed*

*Into the darkness of my heart
And set the springtime there.*

*My heart will burst with this new rapture,
It is too gay and sad, and terrible to bear.*

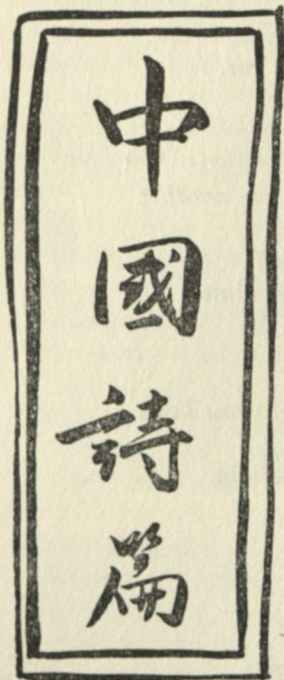
Oh Love, the wonder of it!

Qualities of Chinese Poetry

By RUBY LAYSON

*It is not only here that it is so,
It is not only now that it is so:
But in most ancient times ever and ever.*

THESE closing lines from a poem contained in the *Shih Ching*, or Book of Songs, reveal the soul of Chinese poetry—its wisdom, its moderation, its classic restraint, its suggestiveness, its pensive beauty and depth. The poem deals simply with clearing the fields, preparing a sacrifice, and fulfilling the rites practiced through the ages. The everyday theme is treated with a suggestive simplicity and vivid imagery which leave a lasting impression. If an inadequate English translation can convey this effect in a grammatically-constructed stanza without the Chinese picture-word, how much more beautiful the original must be!



Florence Ayscough stresses this difficulty of translation when she says that Chinese characters are complete ideas and that one must have a knowledge of the analysis of these characters to grasp the poet's full intention in a poem. Although each separate part is subdued to the total result, it produces a qualifying effect on the word. "All words have their connotations, but this is connotation and more; it is a pictorial representation of something implied, and, lacking which, an effect would be lost." The difficulty of conveying such an effect she exemplifies with the word *nio*, which means unfeeling, harsh, barbarities, oppression, cruel, or tyrannical. It is composed of the pictographs "a tiger" and "claws". This single word she translates poetically as "the tiger's claws of oppression."

Another difficulty in translating Chinese poetry should be apparent from this example. So condensed is the Chinese version that any English translation must inevitably sacrifice either the forceful brevity or much of the meaning. A translation which attempts to follow the original syllabic and rhyme scheme cannot adequately convey the poet's thought.

THE BASIC UNIT of Chinese poetry is a four-line stanza in which each line has five or seven syllables. This extremely condensed stanza

is often used alone. The "ancient" form stresses rhyme and line-length, but allows more latitude than does the "modern" form developed during the T'ang dynasty (618-954 A.D.). In the latter, length of line, arrangement of characters by tones and rhymes, and parallelism of characters follow strict conventions. The characters fit particular tone patterns, and grammatical parallelism is also observed. Often every other line rhymes, although many words no longer seem to rhyme because the rhyming dictionary was compiled so long ago. Another convention is that a given character cannot be used more than once in a particular poem.

FRIENDSHIP, exile, battles, parting, emotions aroused by a landscape, feelings of a deserted concubine, a woman's love for man—these are the themes which recur most frequently in Chinese poetry. Man's love for woman is of little importance, a physical relationship which cannot compare with the intellectual, spiritual, and emotional relationship in real friendship. Payne says of the Chinese interests: "Their greatest passion was for decorum and for some kind of understanding with heaven. Though they sang love songs, they did not exalt romantic love; and though they hated wars, they seem to have seen war in a spirit of fatal expectancy, ^{when} they knew they would always recur." In their poetry is the strength and virtue of moderation, the sense of the world's permanence and their delight in the small things of life. They remembered these small things and conveyed them with an indelible clarity and vividness of imagery. Both the imagery and specific details are reminiscent of Keats, comparable to certain sections of Tennyson, and understandably appealing to Amy Lowell, who translated much Chinese poetry. Miss Ayscough quotes these lines from Tu Fu, one of the greatest poets of China's Golden Age, the T'ang dynasty:

*The dark ravine was full of the music of silence,
The moon scattered bright shadows through the forest.*

and illustrates the spiritual kinship of Keats to his Oriental predecessors with these lines from the English poet:

*. . . and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.*

THE CHINESE POET had little sense of his impermanence, for he knew that his spirit would continue its existence through his descendants. Death he accepted and seldom wrote about. There was a pervasive sadness, but no great sorrow, in his poetry. An adult attitude of deep melancholy appears in such poems as this selection from the *Nineteen Poems* composed in the Han dynasty (206 B.C. - 221 A.D.):

*How pure and bright is the moon,
Shining down on the silk curtains of my bed.*

*When sorrow will not let me sleep,
 Waving my gown to and fro, I pace my room.
 Sometimes a journey brings you joy,
 But the greatest happiness is to remain at home.
 Outside the door I roam alone
 To whom shall I tell the sorrows of my heart?
 Lifting my head, I return to my chamber.
 Falling tears wet my mantle and robe.*

This adult quality is discussed by Eunice Tietjens, who refers also to the wisdom, tolerance, and patience of the Chinese and to "that fine casualness which comes to the human spirit which has contemplated life long and directly, and found it—what it is." Although the great poetry of the T'ang dynasty sometimes shows the influence of spiritual concepts, the Chinese poet as a rule is more interested in practical wisdom than in profound spiritualism. "The great genius of the race lies in the fact that their observation, their humanity and their wisdom play over the particular details given with so vivid a light that the whole is illuminated with an almost unearthly poignancy," Miss Tietjens says. The spirit is one of rationality and tolerance, of reflection rather than speculation. It is an essentially classical outlook, and many classical qualities characterize the literature. Compare the restraint of these lines with that of the Greek classicists:

*One morning you went to battle,
 One night you did not return.*

AND CHINESE POETRY does not change with the times. The delighted awareness of the physical universe in the earliest Chinese poetry, the *Shih Ching* compiled in the age of Confucius, continues in the brief period of the near-romantic excesses of the Han dynasty. It reveals itself in the Golden Age of the T'ang dynasty, when Taoism and Buddhism encourage a mystic approach to life in order for man to penetrate illusory surface appearance and see reality beneath. It emerges again in the Sung dynasty (960-1278 A.D.) and is found in only slightly modified form in the modern age as well.

FALLACY

*Like the shallow water underneath the willow,
 Rippling in the stillness of a reminiscent moon,
 Cool below the lovely face that sees the silken
 Mirror tilting in the giddy liquid's dark lagoon,
 Seeming deep with dim enigma swimming hidden
 In an opal cloud reflected from the sparkling sand,
 List'ning to the singing of the silver willow,
 So am I, and shallow underneath the plunging hand.*

—LIZ DYKES

The Unfinished

*There is rhythm in unfinished
Things that beats upon the brain,
Throb and cadence in arrested
Motion as in drumming rain.
And the calm yet pendant movement
Pulses, aches with thwarted strain
To maintain the very measure
Of momentum of its wane.*

*Sense the dull, melodic passion
Of a motive, unreplete,
Bending to its consummation.
Feel the muted, burning beat
Of abandoned thoughts, unpondered,
Unremembered, that retreat
Down beyond the mind unconscious,
Palpitating, low and fleet.*

*Fathom all the disappointed
Tension in the trembling theme
Of a yearning aspiration,
Dropped on into the morning
With a dim, hypnotic scheme,
Though the mind remain awakened,
Though the matin windows gleam.*

*Ken the vibrant tone pursuing
Ev'ry covenant unfilled;
Ev'ry love-song's lonely sequence,
Even though its verve is stilled,
Even though desire is jangled
And its bubbling rapture spilled,
And the rendezvous surrendered;
Ev'ry life whose pith is killed.*

*Feel the flame and glimmer in the
Gloaming of a searing coal
Sinking into dusty cinders;
Hear an echo's thundered toll,
Rolling on and on unending
In resounding, pounding roll.
There is rhythm in unfinished
Things that beats upon the soul.*

—LIZ DYKES

NEILL

By LIZ DYKES

NEILL WAS EIGHTEEN when I knew her. She was wild, with the rebellious wildness of youth, a seductress and a child at once. Often she stayed with me when she was having a row with her parents, when she wanted someone to talk to, or when she was drunk.

My doorbell rang at one-thirty, and there was Neill, her black hair bushy and damp, her eyes glistening with liquor, peering far beyond me. "Want to talk to you, Jess," she said.

I let her in. "So you've been at it again?"

"Lord, Neill, what gets into you?"

"I dunno." She lit a cigarette and drew on it long and searchingly, as if the answer to something wonderful were in that cigarette. The smoke curled around us, and Neill stirred, sighed. "S raining outside."

"Um." I did not bother to be polite.

"That's a pretty dress you have on," she said—rather wistfully, I thought.

"Thank you. Look, Neill, come to the point. You've been drinking. What is it this time?"

The breathy words exploded at me. "I've lost my job."

Something inside me twitched. "Oh?" I prodded. "What's the matter, Neill?"

Neill looked sullen.

"I thought Mr. Simon liked you. Come on, Neill, what have you done?"

"I've quit," she screamed. "I've quit my job. It's my job and I can quit it any time I want to." Revulsion writhed on her face. "I hate it. God, how I hate it! I hate my work and I hate that office and I hate Mr. Simon with his fat stomach and his simple face and his damned 'efficiency'. I hate everything about it." The hysteria passed, and she fell back on the sofa in exhaustion.

"Then why did you come to me, Neill?"

"Because—I wish I hadn't quit."

"And you want me to tell you what a fool you are. Is that it, Neill?" I saw I had been cruel. "Why'd you quit, Neill? You don't hate your job. You've told me you love it."

She sighed deeply. "I dunno. I guess—I don't know."



I waited, wondering about Neill.

"If it's of any interest to you," she said, "I've been jilted." There was no flicker, not a vestige of human emotion. Suddenly the mask quivered. "I guess he doesn't like girls that drink."

"Oh? . . . It's not pretty, Neill. Stop it."

"I am, I'm going to," she nodded eagerly. "I promise."

"Not to me. I don't like promises, and if you really mean it, you don't need to promise."

"Oh, I do mean it, Jess."

"You've said that before."

"I know, I know. But this time it's different. Honest. I've got to quit now, Jess. I love Jack. I'd do anything to get him back. I'd do anything."

"Yes—yes, Neill, I guess you would—do anything."

"Jess, will you help me?"

"What? With Jack?" I laughed.

"No, you know what I mean—about drinking. I'm a rather weak person."

"Yes. . . Do you want some coffee?"

"Have you got some?"

"There's an all-night place down the street." I found my coat and threw it around my shoulders. "You wait here. I won't be gone long. Want me to leave the door open?"

"Thanks. I'm hot."

* * *

I went out into the hall and rang for the elevator. It was a long time coming. I looked in the mirrored elevator doors and thought how homey my apartment looked from the hall. The lighting was good, and the green drapes were just right, and the rug—I saw Neill walk across the room. She paused before the mahogany cabinet. Then she opened the door swiftly. She grasped a decanter of scotch, poured a glass to the brim, and drank it quickly, at one draught.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SOUL

*How many masks a soul doth boast
To manifest its heartfelt woes.
How many secrets every face
Must bring from deep within.*

*How many sorrows crushed beneath
Some saddened fate now issue
Forth in sudden bloom
To blight each happy countenance.*

—BERNIE VINSON

The Song of Longing

By BETSY HOPKINS

FATHER JOSEPH stood at the door of the monastery and smiled as the wind blew his hair. It was an exciting wind that danced through the deep green grass and pushed it down to the black earth. It sang songs of other ages and other places and there was an infinite wisdom in its melody. It started a song in the leaning pines and made the white clouds fly like great birds.

"This is indeed the day," said Father Joseph. *"Today they will come. And tomorrow—tomorrow the world will come to an end."*

"Will they find it today?" asked Hilda.

"Perhaps," said Father Joseph, and he grew quiet again and listened to the proverbs that the wind whispered, and the world shone and there was a meaning.



Far away, at the foot of the hill, a figure struggled up the path that led to the monastery, the monastery that was now only a conglomeration of leaning grey stones. The figure was tall and a little bent and it walked in a rather aimless fashion as though it were looking for something, but did not expect to find it. Father Joseph recognized Charles immediately, even from where he stood. He looked like the picture. He watched Charles and listened to the wind. He knew Charles listened too, because the wind sang a wise, sad song, and Charles was a poet and he was incomplete. There was a longing in his heart and an answer in the wind. But Charles did not understand.

The poet reached the monastery and looked at Father Joseph with surprise. Father Joseph smiled. "You are very late, my friend."

"Late?" said the poet. "I had no time to arrive, no place to go, nothing to do. I have ended up here for no reason."

"There is a reason," said Joseph. "You are seeking something, perhaps."

"We are all seeking something, Father. Today I am looking for beauty. It is lost. There is in the

world only filth and ugliness. Painting, sculpture, poetry is filth and I long for beauty and cleanness. Even in my own heart there is no beauty. There is nothing. The world is dark and art is dead. In me there is nothing. The world is dark and art is dead. In me there is but a little that is yet alive. I long for beauty, but I am ugly."

"You long, my son, so you are yet beautiful," said Father Joseph, and he said no more.

They sat together and listened to the wind secrets and together they sought the answer. Father Joseph felt the breath of God and Charles saw the form of beauty. Hilda swept the floor and smiled for she heard the song of the hearthstone and of order.

Mary started up the path, and the wind blew her hair and she was lonely and cried and her tears were the tears of shame and love that was bitter and dead. They saw her, up at the monastery, and Father Joseph knew her, because he had seen the picture. She came closer and he saw her beauty, her sad wonderful beauty and her deep grey eyes that cried out in agony and her body that moved slow as pain and sweet as death.

"She is here," he said.

Charles looked up and Mary stood before them.

"Who are you?" she asked wonderingly.

"Never mind," replied Father Joseph. "That does not matter. Why are you here, my child?"

Mary looked and wondered. "I was looking for something," she said, "but I do not know what it is. I have looked for many years. My heart is dead. It died in pain and the pain has never ceased."

"How did it die?" asked Father Joseph.

"It died because it was evil and ugly, and my heart was young and full of spring. It died long ago, and yet it dies every day and my soul is torn with death pangs. Love is only lust and greed. It walks the street with hungry eyes and sits shame faced in bars. It is guilt in the darkened room and lust in the house where the shades are drawn. I walk the earth and search for love that is good, and know it does not exist. My heart is a knife and I am bleeding. I want to die."

"You will, my child, but first you must live. I will teach you how. Listen, Mary."

And the wind sang its song, and to Mary it spoke of love, and she listened and was quiet. They all sat together then and waited for John, because Father Joseph told them he was coming. Finally they saw him, climbing the hill slowly. There was something haunted about his eyes, and a hopelessness and a despairing in his face. He had lived in the shadows and known only darkness, but he looked at the sun with a passion, because he still longed for the light.

John walked up to the others and stood in the shelter of the crumbling stone. Hilda, Father Joseph, Mary and Charles—they looked at him and

knew. They spoke and he spoke and there was a longing in him.

"I am looking for the light and the truth," he said. "In the world there is only darkness. Men walk the streets and live a lie. They are all hypocrites. There is no truth. There is only futility and falsehood. Dead hearts, dead truth and dead souls worshipping a dead god. That is all. We search and know not for what we search; we long and know not for what we long; we live and know not for what we live. There is no meaning. Life is a riddle with no answer. Death is born with life and life dies with death."

"I know, my son, I know," said Father Joseph. "It is all in the picture and the wind has told me."

"The picture, father?"

"The picture here in the monastery. It is the picture of life."

"Let us see it, Father. It has told you so much. It must hold the answer."

"I do not think so, my son, but we shall see."

Joseph led them into the monastery to the crumbling wall where the picture hung. Other pictures were there too, pictures of war and of peace, of people and of places and of ages.

"What does it mean, Father?" they asked.

"It is the history of the world, the story of forever," he said.

"Here is our picture," said Mary. "Here we all are. There is John, and Hilda, all of us. But it is—it is the last picture, Father. Why?"

"Because we are the last, my children."

"The last, Father! But look at our eyes, here in the picture. Look at the longing. Surely at the last we will cease to long. Surely there is an answer here."

"No, my son, it cannot give the answer."

"Then there is nothing?"

"You long, my son?"

"Yes, Father."

"The answer is inside of you. It is in your longing. It is in your incompleteness."

"But my longing is pain. The incompleteness is death."

"Listen, my children, to the wind. The wind is God. I found Him here in the despair of my longing. There is hope."

Then they sat together on the hill and listened and the wind sang its wise song and its song of longing and it whispered the secret of life. The soul longs for God, and God longs for the soul. The soul is incomplete and God is completeness and when the soul looks up it can gaze into the eyes of God."

* * *

The next day they were gone. There was nothing left and the world came to an end. But the wind sang still its wise, sad song and the secret was whispered forever.

Latara

*I find heaven in your arms.
The warmth of love your soul radiates, quickens my pulse,
You are my life, my God, my All.
You make my life a love song,
A story that never was nor could be,
Illuminating now, blotting out tomorrow.*

*With you, all things are beautiful.
The rain slashing down on the house-top
Becomes a throbbing symphony of love.
The cold night wind sings of love in shouting echoes.
You are happiness, illusively real.*

*There is hell in your memory.
A blast of reason shatters my dream.
We are ideas apart; an eternity of logic separates us.
We cannot laugh together or love;
We are strangers in an ugly world.
The future watches us from every door-way,
Complacently waiting for the death of our love.*

*We say goodbye;
I wander alone through dungeons of horror.
The rain flashing by is rain and tears,
The wind, searing pain.*

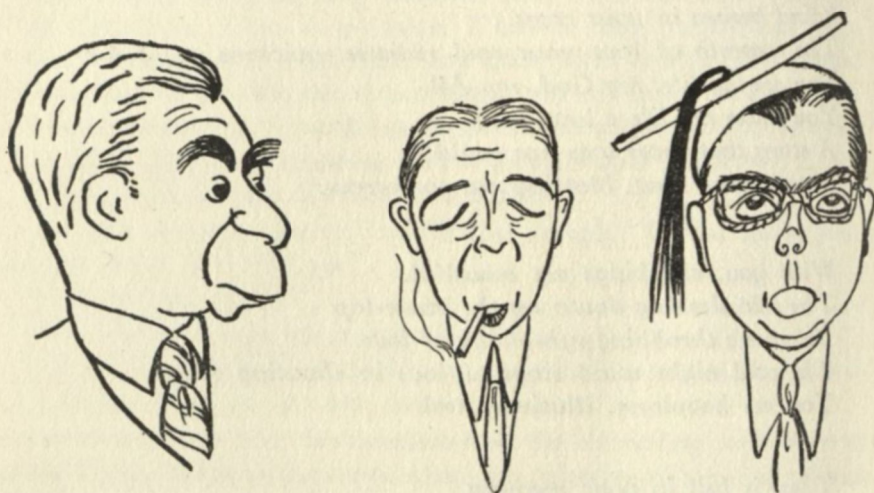
*Forgetting you is a nightmare of days,
Each recalling a facet of you.
You are my breaths, smiles, prayers,
But you are no longer me, and I am empty of life.*

*I am the walking dead seeking a soul to erase your memory.
Still you haunt me, driving me on to reality.
I understand at last that you are my fate—
My heaven and hell.*

—BETTY JEAN MAYHER

THE BIG THREE

By CHARLOTTE GAINES



THE DATE OFFICE is unusually quiet . . . there is nothing in the present environment to upset the placidness of the hour . . . except the soft, soothing strains of "Twelfth Street Rag" coming from the radio in the rear date parlor. You are on duty at the desk. The evening is begun by re-establishing the cultural atmosphere so mercilessly destroyed in the afternoon madness. This is accomplished by placing a healthy supply of date slips on the corner of the table, planting ash trays in strategic places in order to avoid an explosion of the vacuum cleaner the following morning, and straightening the magazines designed especially for men.: *Vogue*, *Charm*, *Glamour*. When all is done you take your place of honor behind the desk. You really don't mind this job; any dateless, second-rate moron can do it—lots of leisure time. This comfort is quickly shattered by the vision of the 8 o'clock stampede, at which time every eligible male between sixteen and sixty arrives on the scene of battle. In true "Joan of Arc" style you try to please them all. You consider suicide; you reconsider—suppose you meet your man tonight? It matters not that you have repeated such illogical theories over and over for the past three years. Your man! You like the possessive atmosphere created by the statement. You begin to think of past evenings spent in romantic ferment behind the desk in the date office. Unconsciously you filter through the rare specimens that have passed through the portals of Wesleyan. The eliminating process begins. All engaged, pinned, steadies, are out. You wince . . . the Statute of Limitations has set in . . . ad nasium. Of those remaining, three varieties stand foremost in your mind as possibilities.

MR. BULLDOZER

THE FIRST OF THESE is of the "bulldozer" variety. He makes his appearance on the average of once a month—the once a month that you're on duty—and he must make a complete renovation of the office before leaving with his date. All magazines are scanned, all ash trays are filled, and all newspapers are left on the floor, couches, or anywhere else he cares to discard them. You follow at his heels closing magazines he has so graciously left open, emptying ash trays he has so willingly filled, and picking up newspapers he has so casually discarded. You glare at him with the glint of "Didn't-your-mother-ever-teach-you-any-better" in your eye. You repeat the forbidden language to yourself for your own good . . . you repeat it out loud for everybody's good. You try hard to remember that you're a Wesleyanne . . . that Wesleyannes are courteous . . . that . . . you cease to remember and collapse into your chair completely exhausted from the task of house cleaning. You are indeed grateful that his visits are few. There is plenty of time to get prepared for the next one . . . visit that is.

BUNDLE OF NERVES

THEN THERE IS the "bundle of nerves" type, who invariably plants himself in the chair directly across from you and starts a process designed especially to make the Snake Pit a place of heavenly bliss by comparison. He takes off his coat, pulls down the window, puts on his coat, straightens his tie, brushes his hair, rubs his chin, twists the lobe of his ear, scratches his nose, bites his lip, brushes his coat, packs a cigarette, and then starts the whole process over again. After several repetitions of this he begins the long and difficult task of signing a date slip. He ruined the first one because he misspelled his last name and is embarrassed to let it be seen on the spindle. He ruined the second one because he got the date wrong and doesn't want to get his charming Wesleyanne in trouble by dating her on the wrong evening. He ruins the third one because he put Macon as his address when all the time he lives in the S.A.E. house at Mercer. Finally, after three books of date slips have been recklessly disposed of and numerous pencils worn to the eraser, he is satisfied to let you put his date slip in its proper place. You wonder how he ever reached Mercer . . . you wonder how . . . well, you just wonder. He leaves, but not until he stumbles over the door facing, gets his toe caught in the corner of the rug, and falls down the three steps that he had forgotten were there. Will he ever get that car started, you ask yourself as you hear queer, ungodly screeches sputtering forth from the '38 Ford parked just outside the window. Many date slips later you hear the "pride-of-the-last-generation" creep off into the night like a lame caterpillar. Wesleyan's busses aren't so bad after all!

MR. PSEUDO-INTELLUCTUAL

WHEREVER THERE IS a mixed group there is always the pseudo-intellectual (complete with cap and gown, and diploma) eager to allow his "Shakespearance" full release at every opportunity. You ask him if you may call someone for him. With all the grandeur of Lawrence Oliver he answers, "As You Like It." (The lights dim and the show goes on.) Literature is just a hobby though . . . music is the field in which he really shows a touch of genius. He is amazed at your gross ignorance of the fine art of playing. The treble cleff is played on the black keys; the bass cleff is played on the white keys, and any fool knows that the sharps are played with the right hand, while flats are always played with the left hand . . . you nod . . . he is carried away by your interest and continues the spirited explanation by stating that the signature of a piece is the composer's autograph. You haven't yet told him that you are a music major . . . he wouldn't believe you even if you told him that music is written on paper, not keys. Just when you think that he is about to leave, it is nothing more than a pause in the conversation because it is now time for the meeting of the psychology class . . . a girl's school is bad for you . . . no boys! Amazing! You really hadn't noticed the disproportionate ratio of the sexes. You weren't bothered by the fact that the chances were four hundred to one every time a boy set foot on the place. . . . after all, you've only been here three years. He smiles at you with a "God-bless-you-my-child" look and then tells you not to worry. For the first time in your life you appreciate the fact that classroom lectures follow a logical pattern whether they make sense or not. In due time he abdicates from the throne of knowledge in favor of his date.

REMEMBRANCE

*Yet I will never cease to love you
 For you alone have taught me pain,
 And in all that is sad, all that is
 Tragically beautiful
 I find your ghost, and feel again
 Your kiss upon my lips,
 Your arms, and touch your face.
 It's strange how, when love is dead
 All joy becomes as sorrow
 And you who were once the sun of all my life
 Have become deeply involved in all my shadows,
 A part of every tear
 And deep heart's pain.*

—BETSY HOPKINS.